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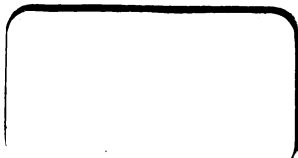
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THE
H EART OF OAK BOOKS

EDITED BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

AND
KATE STEPHENS

First Book

BOSTON, U.S.A.
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1894

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Five Hours

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BY CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.**

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THE
HEART OF OAK BOOKS.

FIRST BOOK.

THE ALPHABET.

A is Aladdin, who to good luck was born.

B little Boy Blue, who is blowing his horn.

C Cinderella, who went to a ball,

And left her glass slipper behind in the hall.

D is the Dwarf, Rumpelstiltkins by name.

E is an Elf who is playing a game.

F is the Frog who a-woeing would go,

Whether his mother would let him or no.

G Goody Two Shoes, well known to you all.

H Humpty Dumpty, who had a great fall.

I is the island, you'll surely remember,

Where Crusoe was wrecked at the end of
September.

J is for Jack, and his sister too, Jill.

K for King Cole, whom you see laughing still.

L Little Bo Peep who fell fast asleep ;

Where shall she look for her wandering sheep ?

M Maid in the garden who was hanging out
clothes.

N is Nose, nose, the jolly red nose.

O is the Ogre who cried, "Fe-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman."

P Puss in Boots who so well played his part.

Q is the Queen who is making a tart.

R is Red Riding Hood, pretty and good,

Who was met by the wolf on her way through
the wood.

S is for Sinbad, with the old man his rider.

T is Tom Thumb, who was killed by the spider.

U is Unicorn who fought for the crown,

But the Lion soon hunted him out of the town.

V is for Valentine, ready to dare.

W Whittington, future lord mayor.

From **A**, **B**, and **C** all the letters you've read,

And now at the last you find **X**, **Y**, and **Z**ed.

A, B, C.

A, B, C, tumble down **D**,

The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

GREAT A, LITTLE a.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B ;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

JINGLE.

One, two,
Buckle my shoe ;
Three, four,
Shut the door ;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight ;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve,
A man must delve.

WE may be as good as we please, if we please
to be good.

ONE, TWO, THREE.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

PUSSY CAT.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London
To look at the queen.
Pussy cat, pussy cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair.

SOME LITTLE MICE.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and popped her head in;
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"O! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

PUSSY.

I like little pussy,
Her coat is so warm ;
And if I don't hurt her
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But pussy and I
Very gently will play.

WHAT ARE EYES FOR?

What are eyes for ?

To see with.

What are ears for ?

To hear with.

What is the tongue for ?

To talk with.

What are teeth for ?

To eat with.

What is the nose for ?

To smell with.

What are legs for ?

To walk with.

THE FACE.

Brow bender,
Eye peeper,
Nose smeller,
Mouth eater,
Chin chopper.

Knock at the door,
Peep in ;
Lift up the latch,
Walk in.

SONG SET TO FIVE FINGERS.

1. This little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig staid at home ;
3. This little pig had roast meat ;
4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig cried "Wee, wee,
I can't find my way home."

HERE AM I.

Here am I, little jumping Joan ;
When nobody's with me
I'm always alone.

DO YOU GUESS IT IS I?

I am a little thing,
I am not very high,
I laugh, dance, and sing,
And sometimes I cry.

I have a little head,
All covered o'er with hair,
And I hear what is said
With my two ears there.

On my two feet I walk.
I run, too, with ease.
With my little tongue I talk
Just as much as I please.

I have ten fingers, too,
And just as many toes ;
I have eyes to see through,
And but one little nose.

I've a mouth full of teeth,
Where my bread and milk goes in ;
And close by, underneath,
Is my little round chin.

What is this little thing,
Not very, very high,
That can laugh, dance, and sing?
Do you guess it is I?

HEY! DIDDLE, DIDDLE.

Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

CUSHEY COW BONNY.

Cushey cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

A SAD TALE.

Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a tuffett,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffett away.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly and put them to
bed.

THE SONG OF A MAN.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE.

If all the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink?

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross
To see what Tommy can buy :
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
And a two penny apple-pie.

IS JOHN SMITH WITHIN?

"Is John Smith within?"

"Yes, that he is."

"Can he set a shoe?"

"Ay, marry, two.

Here a nail, there a nail,

Tick, tack, too."

A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush.

PAT-A-CAKE.

“Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker’s man :”

“So I will, master, as fast as I can :”

“Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.”

LADY BIRD! LADY BIRD!

Lady bird! lady bird!

Fly away home ;

Your house is on fire,

Your children will burn.

THERE WERE TWO BLACK BIRDS.

There were two black birds

Sitting on a hill,

The one was named Jack,

The other named Jill.

Fly away Jack!

Fly away Jill!

Come again Jack!

Come again Jill!

BUZZ, QUOTH THE BLUE FLY.

Buzz, quoth the blue fly,
Hum, quoth the bee;
Buzz and hum they cry,
And so do we.
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse;
Else it was he.

DING DONG! DING DONG!

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little bird;
He sat upon a tree,
And he sang to me,
And I never spoke a word.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song;
'Tis about a little mouse;
He looked very cunning,
As I saw him running
About my father's house.

Ding dong! ding dong!
I'll sing you a song
About my little kitty;
She's speckled all over,
And I know you'll love her,
For she is very pretty.

PUSSY CAT MEW.

Pussy Cat Mew jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.

Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

THE END OF THE DAY.

Good night,
Sleep tight,
Wake up bright
In the morning light,
To do what's right,
With all your might.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star ;
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

I SEE THE MOON.

I see the moon, and the moon sees me ;
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

Sixty seconds hath a minute,
Sixty minutes hath an hour,
But a second hath within it
• Sixty jiffies full of power.

THE BURIAL OF POOR COCK ROBIN.

Who killed Cock Robin ?

“I,” said the Sparrow,

“With my bow and arrow ;

And I killed Cock Robin.”

This is the Sparrow,

With his bow and arrow.

Who saw him die ?

“I,” said the Fly,

“With my little eye ;

And I saw him die.”

This is the Fly

That saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?

“I,” said the Fish,

“With my little dish ;

And I caught his blood.”

This is the Fish,

With his little dish.

Who made his shroud ?

“I,” said the Beetle,

“With my little needle ;

And I made his shroud.”

This is the Beetle,

With his little needle.

Who will be the parson ?

“I,” said the Rook,

“With my little book ;

And I will be the parson.”

This is the Rook,

With his little book.

Who will dig his grave ?

“I,” said the Owl,

“With my spade and shovel ;

And I’ll dig his grave.”

This is the Owl,

With his spade and shovel.

Who will be the clerk ?

“I,” said the Lark,

“If ’tis not in the dark ;

And I will be the clerk.”

This is the Lark

Who would be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?

“I,” said the Kite,

“If 'tis not in the night;

And I'll carry him to the grave.”

This is the Kite,

For 'twas not in the night.

Who will be the chief mourner?

“I,” said the Dove,

“Because of my love;

And I will be chief mourner.”

This is the Dove

That mourns for her love.

Who will sing a psalm?

“I,” said the Thrush,

As she sat in a bush;

“And I will sing a psalm.”

This is the Thrush

As she sang in the bush.

Who will bear the pall?

“We,” said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen;

“And we will bear the pall.”

This is the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen.

Who will toll the bell?

“I,” said the Bull,

“Because I can pull.”

And so Cock Robin farewell.

All the birds of the air

Fell to sighing and sobbing

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.

RHYMES.

Hickory, dickory, dock,

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one,

And down he did run,

Hickory, dickory, dock.

A diller, a dollar,

A ten o'clock scholar,

What makes you come so soon?

You used to come at ten o'clock,

But now you come at noon.

EARLY to bed and early to rise,

Is the way to be healthy and wealthy and wise.

HARK! HARK!

Hark! hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

SONG OF THE DAYS.

How many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then,
Poor thing?
He'll sit in the barn
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE.

Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day;
As it fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

A BIRD SONG.

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

IN APRIL'S SWEET MONTH.

In April's sweet month,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

A SWARM OF BEES.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

A LITTLE GIRL.

Elisabeth, Elspeth, Betsey, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in it,
They all took one and left four in it.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the hay-cock, fast asleep?

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them,
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

BA-A, BA-A, BLACK SHEEP.

Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full:
One for my master, one for his dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

A PLEASANT DAY.

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright to-day;
Little children, come with me,
Birds, and brooks, and flowers to see.

See the little lambs at play
In the meadows bright and gay;
How they leap and skip and run,
Full of frolic, full of fun!

Bring the hoop and bring the ball;
Come, with happy faces all,
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and dance, and laugh and sing.

MISTRESS MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

"With silver-bells and cockle-shells
And pretty maids all in a row."

SONG IN TIME OF HAYING.

“Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?

I will go with you, if I may.”

“I am going to the meadows to see them mowing,

I am going to see them make the hay.”

CURLY LOCKS.

Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?

Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the
swine,

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,

And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

HUSH A BYE BABY.

Hush a bye baby

On the tree top,

When the wind blows

The cradle will rock,

When the bough breaks

The cradle will fall,

Down tumbles baby,

Bough, cradle, and all.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY.

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

TALES OF SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Pray, let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
“Show me first your penny;”
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
“Indeed I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

BABY BUNTING.

Bye, baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the baby Bunting in.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird,
And snapt off her nose.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.
Spell me that in four letters?
I will. T-h-a-t, THAT.

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

YANKEE DOODLE.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it Macaroni.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

A CROOKED SONG.

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked
mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
stile,
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked
house.

HOW DO YOU DO, AND HOW DO YOU DO?

One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in
leather.
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do? and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

A. STRANGE TALE.

There was an old woman tossed in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.
“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?”
“To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I’ll be with you by and by.”

FOUR-AND-TWENTY-TAILORS.

Four-and-twenty-tailors
Went to kill a snail;
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
Like a little Kyløe cow;
Run, tailors, run, or
She’ll kill you all just now.

A NEEDLE AND THREAD.

Old Mother Twichett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly;
And every time she went through a gap,
A bit of her tail she left in a trap.

O, LOOK AT THE MOON!

O, look at the moon,
She is shining up there;
O, mother, she looks
Like a lamp in the air.

Last week she was smaller,
And shaped like a bow,
But now she's grown bigger,
And round like an O.

THE SUN.

Who am I, with noble face,
Shining in a clear blue place?
If to look at me you try,
I shall blind your little eye.

When my noble face I show
Over yonder mountain blue,
All the clouds away do ride
And the dusky night beside.

Then the clear wet dews I dry,
With the look of my bright eye ;
And the little birds awake,
Many a merry tune to make.

Then the busy people go,
Every one his work unto ;
Little girl, when yours is done,
Guess if I am not the Sun.

THE SUN AND THE NORTH WIND.

A dispute once arose between the Sun and the North Wind as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a traveller on his way, they agreed to try which could the sooner make him throw off his cloak.

The North Wind began, and sent a fierce blast which, at the outset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings ; but the traveller took hold of the

garment with a firm grip, and held it round his body so tightly that the North Wind put out all the rest of his force in vain.

Then the Sun, driving away the clouds that had gathered, darted his most sultry beams on the traveller's head. The man, growing faint with the heat, flung off his cloak, and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

A SONG OF THE WIND.

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
He comes roaring up the land;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!
There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.
The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.
The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! Quack!"

JINGLE.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

SONG.

Hark ! hark !

Bow, wow,

The watch-dogs bark :

Bow, wow.

Hark ! hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticleer

Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

THE DOG AND THE BIT OF MEAT.

A Dog, with a nice bit of meat in his mouth, went on a plank over a smooth brook. By chance he looked into the brook, and saw there what he took to be a dog with a bit of meat. He snapped to get this dog's meat as well as his own, but when he opened his jaws, the bit of meat he had in his mouth fell out and sank in the brook.

THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

A Dog lay in a manger full of hay. An Ox came near and wanted to eat the hay. The Dog got up and growled at him, and would not let him eat it. "Cross dog," said the Ox, "you cannot eat the hay, and yet you will let no one else have any."

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER WONDERFUL
DOG.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor Dog a bone ;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor Dog had none.

She went to the baker's
 To buy him some bread ;
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
 To buy him a coffin ;
But when she came back,
 The poor Dog was laughing.

She went to the hatter's
 To buy him a hat ;
But when she came back,
 He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
 To buy him a wig ;

But when she came back,
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back,
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes;
But when she came back,
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress'
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back,
The Dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back,
He was dressed in his clothes.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Dog made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant,"
The Dog said, "Bow, wow."

This wonderful Dog
Was Dame Hubbard's delight;
He could sing, he could dance,
He could read, he could write.

She gave him rich dainties,
Whenever he fed;
And erected a monument
When he was dead.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go:

He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear :

And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
You'll save me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry—
"O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The Teacher did reply.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

One hot day, a Wolf was lapping at a clear brook that ran down the side of a hill. Now, not far down the stream, a stray Lamb was playing in the water.

The Wolf made up his mind to eat the Lamb, but he did not wish to do it without a good excuse. So he ran to the Lamb, calling in a loud voice, "Fool, get out of the brook! How dare you muddle the water that I wish to drink?"

"Oh," said the Lamb in a mild tone, "I do not see how that can be. You stood above me to drink, and the water runs from you to me, not from me to you."

"Be that as it may," replied the Wolf, still more fiercely, "it was but a year ago that you called me many ill names."

"Oh, sir," said the Lamb, now in a great fright, "a year ago I was not born."

"Well," said the Wolf, "if it was not you, it was your father, and that is all the same; but it is no use to try to argue me out of my supper"; and without one word more, he fell upon the poor, helpless Lamb, and tore her to bits.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A Boy, who kept a flock of sheep not far from a little village, used to find fun in calling out from time to time, "Wolf! Wolf!" Many times in this way he called the men in the fields from their work to help him. But when the men found it was a joke, they made up their minds, that no matter how much the Boy cried "Wolf!" they would not stir to help him.

At last the Wolf really did come. Then the Boy ran, calling "Wolf!" as loud as he could; but the men would not heed him, for they thought him only in fun. So the Wolf killed all the sheep in the flock.

If boys often tell lies, how can you know when they speak the truth?

THE THREE BEARS.

A long time ago, there were three bears who lived together in a house of their own in a wood: one, a great huge bear, which was the father; one, a middle-sized bear, which was the mother; and a little wee bear, which was the son. They had

each a pot for their milk and honey : a very large basin for the great huge bear, a middle-sized basin for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee basin for the little wee bear. And they had each a chair to sit on : a huge chair for the great huge bear, a middle-sized chair for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee chair for the little wee bear. And they also had each a bed to sleep in : a huge bed for the great huge bear, a middle-sized bed for the middle-sized bear, and a little wee bed for the little wee bear.

One morning, after they had boiled the milk and honey for their breakfast, and poured it into their basins, they went into the wood to take a walk while the milk and honey was cooling. A few minutes after they had gone, a little girl, named Golden-hair, came to the house and looked in at the window ; then she peeped in at the key-hole, and not seeing anybody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the bears were good and honest bears, who did nobody any harm, and never thought that anybody would harm them. So little Golden-hair opened the door and went in. She was well pleased when she saw the milk and honey in the basins. If she had been a good child, she would not have touched it, but have waited until

the bears came home, when perhaps they would have asked her to take some with them, as they were good kind-hearted bears. But little Golden-hair did not wait. She first tasted the milk and honey of the great huge bear, and that was too hot for her; then she tasted the milk and honey of the middle-sized bear, and that was too cold for her; and then she tasted the milk and honey of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just what she liked. She took the basin in her hand and sat in a chair, which was the chair of the great huge bear, but that was too hard for her; then she sat down in the next chair, which was the chair of the middle-sized bear, and that was too soft for her; so she thought she would try the other, which was the chair of the little wee bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just what she liked. Then she sat down to eat the milk and honey which she held in her hand; but before she had quite finished the milk and honey, the chair broke and let her fall, basin and all.

After this, little Golden-hair went upstairs into the bears' sleeping-room, where she saw three beds. First she lay down upon the bed of the great huge bear, but that was too high at the head for her; then she lay down upon the bed of the middle-sized

bear, and that was too high at the foot for her ; and then she lay down upon the bed of the little wee bear, and that was neither too high at the head nor too high at the foot, but just what she liked, so she got snugly into it and fell fast asleep, just as the three bears came home, thinking their milk and honey would be quite cool enough.

Now little Golden-hair had left the spoon of the great huge bear standing in his milk and honey.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,” said the great huge bear in his great huge voice.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY,” said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice ; and then the little wee bear looked for his basin, and saw it on the floor.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN AT MY MILK AND HONEY, AND HAS EATEN IT ALL UP,” said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

Now, the three bears knew that some one must have come into their house while they were absent, and they began to look about them. Little Golden-hair had not put the cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the great bear.

“SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR,” said the great huge bear in his great

huge voice like thunder ; and little Golden-hair had crushed the soft cushion of the middle-sized bear.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR," said the middle-sized bear in a middle voice.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR AND HAS BROKEN IT DOWN," said the little wee bear in his little wee voice.

The three bears now felt sure that there was some one in the house, and they went upstairs to their sleeping-room to search further.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the great huge bear ; for little Golden-hair had tumbled the bed and put the pillow out of its place.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED," said the middle-sized bear ; for little Golden-hair had also tumbled this bed very much.

"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING ON MY BED AND HERE SHE IS," said the little wee bear with his little shrill voice. Golden-hair had not been roused from her sleep by the loud voices of the great huge bear and the middle-sized bear, but the little voice of the wee bear was so sharp and shrill that it awoke little Golden-hair at once.

When she saw the three bears in the room, and close to the side of the bed in which she was sleep-

ing, she was very much frightened. She started up and ran to the window, which was open, and jumped out. The three bears went to the window to look after her, and saw her running into the woods. But she never came back to their house and they never saw her again.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,

That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

In a very pretty village, far away, there once lived a nice little girl. She was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her very much, and her grandmother said that she was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart.

To show her love for the child, this good old dame had made her a little red hood, and after a time the little girl was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother baked some cakes and made some fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she is ill in bed."

Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child, and liked to be useful; and, besides, she loved her grandmother dearly.

So she put the things in a basket, and at once set out for the village, on the other side of the wood, where her grandmother lived.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood, Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good morning, Little Red Riding Hood."

He would have liked to eat her on the spot; but some woodmen were at work near by, and he feared they might kill him.

“Good morning, Master Wolf,” said the little girl, who had no thought of fear.

“And where are you going?” said the wolf.

“I am going to my grandmother’s,” said Little Red Riding Hood, “to take her a cake and a pot of butter; for she is ill.”

“And where does poor grandmother live?” asked the wolf.

“Down past the mill, on the other side of the wood,” said the child.

“Well, I think that I will go and see her too,” said the wolf. “So I will take this road, and do you take that, and we shall see which of us will be there first.”

The wolf knew that his way was the nearer, for he could dash through the trees, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut get to the old dame’s door.

The wolf ran on as fast as he could, and was very soon at the cottage. He knocked at the door with his paw, “Thump! thump!”

“Who is there?” cried grandmother.

“It is Little Red Riding Hood. I have come

to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could.

He made his voice sound like that of the little girl. "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed. But first he put on her cap and night-gown.

He laughed to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be there.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang in the trees; and she picked the sweet flowers that her grandmother liked, and made a pretty nosegay of them.

A wasp buzzed about her head, and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird came and pecked at the cake in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty bird," said Little Red Riding Hood. "There will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame rose, and patting the little maid on the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red Riding Hood. If you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray tell him from me that there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress woman says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen. Then he took an arrow and put

it in his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

Little Red Riding Hood at last came to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. "Who is there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood say to herself, "Poor grandmother is very ill, she must have a bad cold."

"It is I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, the door flew open, and she went at once into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf. "Then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bed-clothes.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been told. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf.

He was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry; and a little bird outside sang, "Tweet! tweet!" This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

SONG.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good,
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

DING, DONG, BELL.

Ding, dong, bell; Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Three little kittens lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
 O mother dear,
 We very much fear
 That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
 Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
 O mother dear,
 See here, see here!
 See! we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
O let us have the pie.

Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie ;

O mother dear,
We greatly fear
That we have soil'd our mittens.

Soiled your mittens !
You naughty kittens !
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry ;

O mother dear,
Do you not hear,
That we have washed our mittens ?

Washed your mittens !
O, you're good kittens.

But I smell a rat close by :
Hush! Hush! mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by,
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

DAME WIGGINS OF LEE, AND HER SEVEN
WONDERFUL CATS.

Dame Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a needle,
Or washed in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipathy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whiskered crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea :
" Were there ever such dears !"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

He had also thought well
To comply with their wish
To spend all their play-time
In learning to fish
For stitlings ; they sent her
A present of three,
Which, fried, were a feast
For Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone ;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see :
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was quite pleas'd
And ran out to market ;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee :
"Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice ;
When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
"I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When spring-time came back
They had breakfast of curds ;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds.
"If you sit like good cats
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said, "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.

They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb:
They turn'd up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good-night,
And went up to bed,
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon — what a fuss!
“Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!”
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep.
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
“Ah! welcome, my dears,”
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.
Said he, "All my stock
You shall presently see;
For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turn'd round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, "I suppose
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
When each nimbly leap'd
On the back of a goose,
Which frighten'd them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drown'd the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good-day,
My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They show her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

THE MICE, THE CAT, AND THE BELL.

There was a sly Cat, it seems, in a house, and the Mice were in such fear of her, that they had a court to find some way that she might not catch them. "Do as I say," cried one of the Mice; "hang a bell to the Cat's neck, to tell us when she is near." This bright plan made the Mice jump for joy. "Well," said an old Mouse, "we have a pretty plan. Now, who shall hang the bell to the Cat's neck?" Not a Mouse would do it.

THE FIELD MOUSE AND THE TOWN MOUSE.

A Field Mouse had a friend who lived in a house in town. Now the Town Mouse was asked by the Field Mouse to dine with him, and out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

"Do you know, my friend," said he, "that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have all kinds of things at home; come, and enjoy them."

So the two set off for town, and there the Town Mouse showed his beans and meal, his dates, too, his cheese and fruit and honey. And as the Field

Mouse ate, drank, and was merry, he thought how rich his friend was, and how poor he was.

But as they ate, a man all at once opened the door, and the Mice were in such a fear that they ran into a crack.

Then, when they would eat some nice figs, in came a maid to get a pot of honey or a bit of cheese; and when they saw her, they hid in a hole.

Then the Field Mouse would eat no more, but said to the Town Mouse: "Do as you like, my good friend; eat all you want, have your fill of good things, but always in fear of your life. As for me, poor Mouse, who have only corn and wheat, I will live on at home, in no fear of any one."

THE CAT, THE APE, AND THE NUTS.

A Cat and an Ape sat one day by the fire, in which were some nuts, put there to roast in the coals. The nuts had begun to crack with the heat, and the Ape said to the Cat: "It is clear that your paws were made to pull out those nuts. Put in a paw and draw them out. Your paws are just like hands."

The Cat much enjoyed this speech, and put out her paw for the nuts; but she at once drew back

with a cry, for she had burnt her paw with the hot coals. But she tried again, and this time pulled out one nut; then she pulled two, then three, but each time burnt her paw.

When she could pull out no more, she looked round, and found that the Ape had used the time to crack the nuts and eat them.

DITTY.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three;
Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A Fox who was hungry saw some bunches of grapes hanging from a vine high up from the ground. As he looked, he longed to get them, but could not. At last, growing tired of leaping and springing, he left them hanging there and went on his way muttering, "Let those who will have them. They're green and sour! I will let them alone."

THE MOUSE AND THE LION.

A Mouse ran by chance into the mouth of a Lion who lay asleep. The Lion got up, and was just going to eat him, when the poor Mouse asked to be let go, saying, "If I am let go, I shall not forget you." So, with a smile, the Lion let him go.

Soon the Lion was saved by the Mouse, who did not forget him; for when some men had caught him, and had tied him with ropes to a tree, the Mouse heard him roar, and came and gnawed the ropes, and let the Lion go, saying, "You smiled at me once, as if I could not do you any good turn; but now, you see, it is you who cannot forget me."

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

"What a dull, heavy creature," said the Hare, "this Tortoise is." "And yet," answered the Tortoise, "I'll run with you, for a wager." "Done," said the Hare, and they asked the Fox to be the judge.

They started together, and the Tortoise kept jogging on, till he came to the end of the course. The Hare, when he had gone half-way, laid himself

down, and took a nap; "for," says he, "I can catch up with the Tortoise when I please."

But it seems he overslept himself, for when he came to wake, though he scudded away as fast as his legs would carry him, the Tortoise had got to the post before him and won the wager.

HERCULES AND THE WAGONER.

As a Wagoner was driving a heavy cart through a miry lane, the wheels stuck fast in the clay, and the horses could get no farther. The man, without making the least effort for himself, dropped on his knees and began calling upon Hercules to come and help him out of his trouble.

"Lazy fellow!" said Hercules, "get up and stir yourself. Whip your horses stoutly, and put your shoulder to the wheel. Heaven helps only those who help themselves."

THE GOOSE AND THE GOLDEN EGGS.

There was once a man who had a very handsome goose that laid him a golden egg every day. Now, the man thought that, to lay golden eggs, she must

have a great mass of gold inside of her. So he killed her, and cut her open. But what was his dismay to find that she was in no way different from other geese! So by being greedy he lost all he had, without getting the riches he wished.

THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark, who had Young Ones in a field of grain which was almost ripe, was afraid that the reapers would come before her young brood were fledged. So every day when she flew off to look for food, she charged them to take note of what they heard in her absence, and to tell her of it when she came home.

One day, when she was gone, they heard the owner of the field say to his son that the grain seemed ripe enough to be cut, and tell him to go early the next day and ask their friends and neighbors to come and help reap it.

When the old Lark came home, the Little Ones quivered and chirped round her, and told her what had happened, begging her to take them away as fast as she could. The mother bade them be easy; "for," said she, "if he depends on his friends and his neighbors, I am sure the grain will not be reaped to-morrow."

Next day, she went out again, and left the same orders as before. The owner came, and waited. The sun grew hot, but nothing was done, for not a soul came. "You see," said the owner to his son, "these friends of ours are not to be depended upon; so run off at once to your uncles and cousins, and say I wish them to come early to-morrow morning and help us reap."

This the Young Ones, in a great fright, told also to their mother. "Do not fear, children," said she; "kindred and relations are not always very forward in helping one another; but keep your ears open, and let me know what you hear to-morrow."

The owner came the next day, and, finding his relations as backward as his neighbors, said to his son, "Now listen to me. Get two good sickles ready for to-morrow morning, for it seems we must reap the grain by ourselves."

The Young Ones told this to their mother. "Then, my dears," said she, "it is time for us to go; for when a man undertakes to do his work himself, it is not so likely that he will be disappointed." She took away her Young Ones at once, and the grain was reaped the next day by the old man and his son.

LONDON BRIDGE.

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
How shall we build it up again ?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.

THE BELLS OF LONDON.

Gay go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's-eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Half-pence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.

In the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the famous enchanter, was once upon a long journey; when, feeling very weary, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for some food. The ploughman's wife immediately brought him some milk and some brown bread, setting it before him with great civility.

Merlin could not help seeing that, although everything was very neat and clean, and the ploughman and his wife did not seem to be in want, yet they looked very sad; so he asked them to let him know the cause of their grief, and found that they were unhappy because they had no children. "Ah me!" said the forlorn woman, "if I had but a son, although he were

no longer than my husband's thumb, I should be the happiest woman in the world!"

Now Merlin was much amused at the thought of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, and, as soon as he got home, he sent for the queen of the fairies, who was a great friend of his, and told her of the night he spent at the ploughman's hut, and of the strange wish of the poor woman, and he asked her to grant her the tiny child she so earnestly wished. The thought amused the queen, and she promised that his wish should be granted.

And so it turned out that the ploughman's wife had a son, who, to the wonder of all the country people, was just the size of his father's thumb. One day, while the happy mother was sitting up in bed, smiling on its pretty face, and feeding it out of the cup of an acorn, the queen came in at the window, and kissing the child, gave it the name of Tom Thumb. She then told the other fairies to dress her favorite.

An oak-leaf he had for his crown,
His shirt, it was by spiders spun;
With doublet wove of thistle-down,
His trousers up with points were done;

His stockings of apple-rind, they tie
With eyelash plucked from his mother's eye;
His shoes were made of a mouse's skin,
Nicely tanned, with the hair within.

Tom never grew bigger than his father's thumb; but, as he grew older, he became very cunning and full of mischievous tricks. Thus, when he was old enough to play cherry-stones with other boys, and had lost his own, he used to creep into other boys' bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day as he was getting out of a bag, the owner chanced to see him. "Ah ha! my little Tom Thumb," said the boy, "so I have caught you at your tricks at last; now I will pay you off for your thieving." Then drawing the string around his neck, he shook the bag so heartily that the cherry-stones bruised Tom's limbs and body sadly, which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such doings any more. He was soon let off, but this cured him of pilfering.

One day Tom's mother was beating up a batter pudding, and she placed him in an egg-shell to be out of harm's way. Tom crept out, however, and climbed to the edge of the bowl, when his foot

slipped, and he fell over head and ears into the batter. His mother, not seeing him, stirred him into the pudding, which she next put into the pot to boil. Tom soon felt the scalding water, which made him kick and struggle. His mother, seeing the pudding turn round and round in the pot in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched; and as a tinker came by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding, which he put into his budget, and went away. As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud. This so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away as fast as he could. The pudding being broken by the fall, Tom was set free, so he walked home to his mother, who kissed him and put him to bed.

Another time, Tom Thumb's mother took him with her when she went to milk the cow, and as it was a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, picked him and the thistle up at one mouthful. When the cow began to chew the thistle, Tom was dreadfully frightened at her great teeth, and cried out, "Mother! mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" cried the mother, in great alarm.

"Here, mother, here, in the red cow's mouth!"

The mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother caught him in her apron, and ran home with him.

One day, as Tom Thumb's father was in the fields with him, Tom begged to be allowed to take home the horse and cart. The father laughed at the thought of little Tom driving a horse, and asked him how he would hold the reins. "Oh," said Tom, "I will sit in the horse's ear, and call out which way he is to go." The father consented, and off Tom set, seated in the ear of the horse. "Yeo hup! yeo hup!" cried Tom, as he passed some country people, who, not seeing Tom, and thinking the horse was bewitched, ran off very fast. Tom's mother was greatly surprised when she saw the horse arrive at the cottage door, with no one to guide it, and she ran out to look after it; but Tom called out, "Mother, mother, take me down, I am in the horse's ear!" Tom's mother was very glad that her little son could be so useful, and she lifted

him gently down, and gave him half a blackberry for his dinner.

After this, Tom's father made him a whip of barley-straw, that he might sometimes drive the cattle; and as he was driving them home one day, he fell into a deep furrow. A raven picked up the straw, with Tom too, and carried him to the top of a giant's castle, by the sea-side, and there left him. Soon afterwards old Grumbo, the giant, came out to walk on the terrace. Grumbo took the child up between his finger and thumb, and, opening his great mouth, he tried to swallow Tom like a pill. But Tom so danced in the red throat of the giant, that he soon cast him into the sea, where a large fish swallowed him in an instant. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with the sight of Tom Thumb, who was found inside. The king made him his dwarf, and he was soon a very great favorite; for his tricks and gambols, and lively words amused the queen and the Knights of the Round Table.

When the king rode out, he frequently took Tom in his hand, and if rain fell, he used to creep into the king's pocket, and sleep till the

rain was over. One day, the king asked Tom concerning his parents, and finding they were very poor, the king led Tom into his treasury, and told him he might pay them a visit, and take with him as much money as he could carry.

Tom bought a small purse, and putting a three penny piece into it, with much difficulty got it upon his back, and after travelling two days and two nights, reached his father's cottage.

His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having travelled forty-eight hours without resting, with a huge silver three penny piece upon his back. His parents were glad to see him, especially when he was the bearer of so large a sum of money. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him on a hazel-nut for three days.

When Tom recovered his strength, his duty told him it was time to return to court; but there had been such a heavy fall of rain that he could not travel; so his mother opened the window, when the wind was blowing in the proper direction, and gave him a puff, which soon carried him to the king's palace. There Tom exerted himself so much at tilts and tournaments, for the diversion of the king, queen, and nobility, that he brought on a fit of sick-

ness, and his life was despaired of. The queen of the fairies having heard of this, came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, she drove back through the air, without stopping, to her own home.

The child soon recovered health and strength in fairy-land, and much enjoyed the diversions which were prepared for his amusement in that happy country. After awhile the queen sent him back to the king, floating upon a current of air, which she caused to be ready for the journey. Just as Tom was flying over the palace yard, the cook passed along with a great bowl of the king's favorite dish, furmenty, and poor Tom fell plumb into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes, making him let fall the bowl. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Tom. "Murder! murder!" cried the cook, as the king's dainty furmenty ran into the dogs' kennel.

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore to the king that Tom had done it out of some evil design; so he was taken up, tried for high treason, and sentenced to be beheaded. Just as this dreadful sentence was given, it happened that a miller was standing by, with his mouth wide open; so Tom took a good spring and jumped down his

throat, unseen by any one, even by the miller himself.

The culprit being now lost, the court broke up and the miller went back to his home. But Tom did not leave him long at rest ; he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched and sent for a doctor.

When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing. The doctor was more frightened than the miller, and he sent in a hurry for ten other doctors and twenty wise men, who began to discuss the matter at great length, each insisting that his own explanation was the true one. The miller could not refrain from a hearty yawn, upon which Tom seized the lucky chance, and, with another bold jump, he alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table. The miller, in a fury, seized Tom, and threw him out of the window into the mill-stream, where he was once more swallowed up by a fish.

As happened before, the fish was caught and sold in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, seeing such a fine fish, sent it as a present to the king, who ordered it to be cooked for dinner.

When the fish was opened, Tom found himself once more in the hands of the cook, who imme-

diately ran with him to the king; but the king being busy with state affairs, ordered him to be brought another day. The cook, to be sure of the prisoner, put him into a mouse-trap, where he remained seven days. After that, the king sent for him, forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him a new suit of clothes, gave him a spirited hunter, and knighted him.

His shirt was made of butterflies' wings;
His boots were made of chickens' skins;
His coat and breeches were made with pride;
A tailor's needle hung by his side;
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom and his fine prancing steed.

One fine day, as they passed an old farm-house, a large black cat jumped out and seized both Tom and his steed, and began to devour the poor mouse. Tom drew his sword, and boldly attacked the cat. The king and his nobles seeing Tom in danger, went to his assistance, and one of the lords bravely saved him just in time; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried in the palace and

laid on a bed of down in a beautiful ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies then came and took him to fairy-land again, where she kept him for some years ; after which, dressing him in bright green, she sent him once more flying through the air to the earth. People flocked far and near to look at Tom Thumb, and he was carried before King Thunstone, who had succeeded to the throne, King Arthur being dead.

The king asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered : —

“ My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I’ve come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home ;
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted ;

Did you never once hear of Sir Thomas Thumb ? ”

The king was charmed with this speech. He caused a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table ; and also a palace of gold a span high, with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not got a coach also. She made up her mind to ruin Tom, and told the king that

he had been very insolent to her; when the king sent for Tom in a great rage. To escape his fury, Tom hid himself in an empty snail-shell, where he lay till he was nearly starved. At last, peeping out, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground. He now ventured forth, and got astride the butterfly, which took wing and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away they went from field to field, and from flower to flower, till the butterfly, attracted by the light streaming from the king's dining-room, flew in at the open window. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither saddle nor bridle, slipped from his seat into a sweet dish called whitepot, and was nearly drowned. The queen was bent on having him punished, and he was once more put in a mouse-trap. Here the cat, seeing something stir, and thinking a mouse was there, so rolled about the trap with her claws, that she broke it, and the prisoner escaped.

Soon afterwards a large spider, taking poor Tom for a big fly, made a spring at him. Tom drew his sword, and fought with courage, but the poisonous breath of the spider overcame him.

He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.

King Thunstone and all his court wept for the loss of the little favorite. They wore mourning for him for three years. He was buried under a rose-bush, and a marble head-stone was raised over his grave, bearing these words:—

Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by spider's cruel bite;
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport.
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went;
Alive, he filled the court with mirth,
His death to sorrow soon gave birth;
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,
And cry, "Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

A SONG WITH A MORAL.

Little General Monk
Sat upon a trunk
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now little General Monk is dead.

Keep always from the fire ;
If it eateth your attire,
You, too, like Monk, will be dead.

SONG.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN VERSE.

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

NOTES.

THE text of the melodies is chosen from *Mother Goose* collections in Harvard College Library.

Regarding the history and title of these rhymes Mr. W. H. Whitmore, in editing *The Original Mother Goose's Melody*, says: "According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French; that the collection was first made for and by John Newbery of London, about A.D. 1760; and that the great popularity of the book is due to the Boston editions of Munroe and Francis, A.D. 1824-1860. . . . There is an interesting question as to who prepared the collection for the press." It may have been Goldsmith, who was employed as a hack writer by the Newberys from 1762 to 1767. "The probability, or even possibility, of this idea would give an added interest to the collection."

Irving in his *Life of Goldsmith* refers to the poet's love of glees, catches, and simple melodies. "Dining one day, in company with Dr. Johnson, at the chaplain's table at St. James's Palace, he entertained the company with a particular and comic account of his feelings on the night of representation [of *The Good-Natured Man*], and his despair when the piece was hissed. How he went home, he said, to the Literary Club; chatted gayly, as if nothing had gone amiss; and, to give a greater idea of his unconcern, sang his favorite song about 'An Old Woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon.' . . . He was at all times a capital companion for children, and knew how to fall in with their humors. 'I little thought,' said Miss Hawkins, the woman grown, 'what I should have to boast when Goldsmith taught me to play "Jack and Jill," by two bits of paper on his fingers.' He entertained Mrs. Garrick, we are told, with a whole budget of stories and songs."

PAGE 6. — "I like Little Pussy." Jane Taylor was one of a family who wrote many books for children. Some of the verses which she published jointly with her sister Ann are still popular. She was born in London in 1783, and died in 1824.

PAGE 8. — Mrs. Follen, born in Boston in 1787, died 1860, from whose *Nursery Songs* "Do you guess it is I?" is taken, wrote pleasant books for children, and an interesting life of her husband, the Rev. Charles Follen.

PAGE 13. — This catch is sung by satyrs in Ben Jonson's beautiful masque, *Oberon, the Fairy Prince*, written in 1610.

PAGE 35. — Ariel's song in Scene ii., Act 1, of *The Tempest*, closes with "Hark! hark! the watch-dogs bark."

PAGE 35. — "The Fables," and also other prose pieces, "Little Red Riding-Hood," "The Three Bears," and "The History of Tom Thumb," are given in traditional version.

PAGE 38. — "Mary had a Little Lamb" was written by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, born in Hampshire in 1795, died 1879 in Philadelphia. She published many books, but nothing which is now remembered, except this little poem.

PAGE 39. — "Little Lamb, who made thee?" is from "The Lamb," which appeared in *Songs of Innocence, the author and printer W. Blake*, 1789.

PAGE 54. — "There was a little girl" is said to have been an impromptu addressed to one of his own little girls by Mr. Longfellow.

PAGE 57. — The full title is "Dame Wiggins of Lee and her Seven Wonderful Cats: a humorous tale written principally by a lady of ninety [Mrs. Sharpe], edited, with additional verses, by John Ruskin, LL.D., honorary student of Christ Church, and honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford." The third, fourth, eighth, and ninth verses are by Mr. Ruskin. "But my rhymes do not read like the real ones," he writes in the preface. And in *Fors*: "I aver these rhymes [Dame Wiggins of Lee] to possess the primary virtue of rhyme, — that is, to be rhythmical, in a pleasant and exemplary degree."

PAGE 66. — "The Fox, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee" is the jingling ditty, made up by the "fantastical Spaniard," Armado, and Moth, his page, in Scene i., Act 3, of *Love's Labor Lost*.

PAGE 87. — "A great while ago" is the last verse of the song sung at the end of *Twelfth Night*.

PAGE 87. — This version of the Golden Rule is from a reprint of *The New England Primer*, the popular school book of the children of New England during the eighteenth century.

